

Mercy to thee would proue it selfe a Bawd,
Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Cla. Oh heare me *Isabella*.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isa. What is your Will.

Duke. Might you dispense with your leysure, I would by and by haue some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your owne benefite.

Isa. I haue no superfluous leysure, my stay must be stolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I haue ouer-heard what hath past between you & your sister. *Angelo* had neuer the purpose to corrupt her; onely he hath made an assay of her vertue, to practise his iudgement with the disposition of natures.

She (hauing the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious deniall, which he is most glad to receiue: I am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true, therefore prepare your selfe to death: do not satisfie your resolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must die, goe to your knees, and make ready.

Cla. Let me ask my sister pardon, I am so out of loue with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell: *Promiss*, a word with you.

Pro. What's your will (father?)

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: leaue me a while with the Maid, my minde promises with my habit, no losse shall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time.

Exit.

Duke. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodnes that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes; but grace being the soule of your complexion, shall keepe the body of it euer faire: the assault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath conuaid to my vnderstanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*: how will you doe to content this Substitute, and to saue your Brother?

Isa. I am now going to resolue him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my sonne should be vn-lawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke decei'd in *Angelo*: if euer he returne, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discouer his gouernment.

Duke. That shall not be much amisse: yet, as the matter now stands, he will auoid your accusation: he made triall of you onlie. Therefore fasten your eare on my aduising, to the loue I haue in doing good; a remedie presents it selfe: I doe make my selfe beleue that you may most vprightously do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefite; redeem your brother from the angry Law; doe no staine to your owne gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if peraduenture he shall euer returne to haue hearing of this businesse.

Isa. Let me heare you speake farther; I haue spirit to do any thing that appears not fowle in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Vertue is bold, and goodnes neuer fearefull: Haue you not heard speake of *Mariana* the sister of *Fredericke* the great Souldier, who miscarried at Sea?

Isa. I haue heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Shee should this *Angelo* haue married: was affianced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnitie, her brother *Fredericke* was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that

perished vessell, the dowry of his sister: but marke how heauily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his loue toward her, euer most kinde and naturall: with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well-seeming *Angelo*.

Isa. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leaue her?

Duke. Left her in her teares, & dried not one of them with his comfort: swallowed his vowes whole, pretending in her, discoueries of dishonor: in few, bestow'd her on her owne lamentation, which she yet weares for his sake: and he, a marble to her teares, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isa. What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man liue? But how out of this can shee auail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heale: and the cure of it not onely saues your brother, but keeps you from dishonor in doing it.

Isa. Shew me how (good Father.)

Duke. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his vnjust vnkindnesse (that in all reason should haue quenched her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and vnruely: Goe you to *Angelo*, answere his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your selfe to this aduantage; first, that your stay with him may not be long: that the time may haue all shadow, and silence in it: and the place answere to conuenience: this being granted in course, and now followes all: wee shall aduise this wronged maid to steed vp your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it selfe heereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother saued, your honor vntainted, the poore *Mariana* aduantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenes of the benefite defends the deceit from reproofe. What thinke you of it?

Isa. The image of it giues me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding vp: haste you speedily to *Angelo*, if for this night he intreat you to his bed, giue him promise of satisfaction: I will presently to *S. Lukes*, there at the moated-Grange recides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call vpon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isa. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well good father.

Exit.

Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedie for it, but that you will needes buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall haue all the world drinke browne & white bastard.

Duke. Oh heauens, what stuffe is heere.

Clow. T was neuer merry world since of two vsuries the merriest was put downe, and the worser allow'd by order of Law; a furd gowne to keepe him warme; and furd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way sir: 'bless you good Father Frier.

Duke. And you good Brother Father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry

Elb. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too Sir: for wee haue found vpon him Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we haue sent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, firrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd, The euill that thou causest to be done, That is thy meane to liue. Do thou but thinke What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe From such a filthie vice: say to thy selfe, From their abhominable and beastly touches I drinke, I eate away my selfe, and liue: Canst thou beleue thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it do's stinke in some sort, Sir: But yet Sir I would proue.

Duke. Nay, if the diuell haue giuen thee proofs for sin Thou wilt proue him. Take him to prison Officer: Correction, and Instruction must both worke Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy Sir, he ha's giuen him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-matter: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seeme to bee From our faults, as faults from seeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His necke will come to your waist, a Cord sir. *Clo.* Ipy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of *Caesar*? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of *Pigmaliions* Images newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What saist thou to this Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th last raine? Ha? What saist thou Trot? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the vway? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The tricke of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: still worse?

Luc. How doth my deere Morfell, thy Mistis? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth sir, shee hath eaten vp all her beefe, and she is her selfe in the tub.

Luc. Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it must be so. Euer your fresh Whore, and your powder'd Baud, an vnshun'd consequence, it must be so. Art going to prison Pompey?

Clo. Yes faith sir.

Luc. Why 'tis not amisse Pompey: farewell: goe say I sent thee thither: for debt Pompey? Or how?

Elb. For being a baud, for being a baud.

Luc. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a baud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he doubtlesse, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farewell good Pompey: Commend me to the prison Pompey, you will turne good husband now Pompey, you vwill keepe the house.

Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worship will be my baile? *Luc.* No indeed wyl I not Pompey, it is not the wear: I will pray (Pompey): to encrease your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu trustie Pompey.

Elb. Bless you Frier. *Duke.* And you.

Luc. Do's Bridge paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your waies sir, come.

Clo. You will not

Luc. Then Pompey

er? What newes?

Elb. Come your

Luc. Goe to kenn

What newes Frier of

Duke. I know no

Luc. Some say he

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